

ever been known to pull before.

So the record-breaking night wore away until the thing was finished.

The stereotypers were chiseling like mad at the second-last plate and the hour was about three in the morning, when Cherry staggered into the office. His clothes were covered with dust where he had stumbled coming up the stairs. He stood for a moment at the door of the city-room, blinking in the glare of the electric lights. Nobody seemed to be cognizant of the important fact that he was present; Copley did not even look up. Cherry grinned as he lurched across to the desk.

"G'ni", Mizzer C-Copley," he blurted, good-naturedly.

"Mr. Manson would like to see you, Rutherford."

Copley jerked his thumb over his shoulder towards the managing-editor's room and bent again to his proofs.

"Couldn' fin' a blame thing—pipe-dream, thashwha'—whole thing jussa—pipe-dream!"

"That'll do, Rutherford. I said Mr. Manson would talk to you."

"Mizzer Mazzon? Oh, awri'. No needag' mad, ole chap! I zh'll goan zee Mizzer Mazzon thish ver' minute."

He tightened his legs in a strenuous effort to walk with dignity out into the corridor and rapped loudly on the managing-editor's door. The rapping seemed to sober him somewhat.

"Nuthin' doin', Mr. Manson," he began. "The ru-rumour, zir, was w'out any jussifi-jussification, zir."

Cherry tittered vaguely as he noted the managing-editor's frown; it seemed to amuse him.

"You're a disgrace to this office, Rutherford." The chief was plainly disgusted and meant what he said. "To a man in your present condi-

tion, sir, the best story on earth wouldn't balance a glass of whisky. Thank goodness! when young scapegraces like you fall down, we still have the old fellows to hold things up! This morning's paper, Mr. Rutherford, will explain my meaning more fully. I am very much disappointed in you."

"Thashawri'," mumbled Cherry, staring vacantly.

"I'm sorry that a man of your ability, Rutherford, should choose to act as you have been acting lately. You are a back number in this office and for back numbers we have no use. I'm sorry to say, sir, that *The Recorder* can no longer make use of your services."

Cherry grinned sheepishly.

"Oh, thashawri', awri'," he mumbled again. "Do' mezhenit; Thashawri'."

He staggered out and softly closed the door behind him. Then he quietly made his way down the stairs—very quietly, indeed, for a man so deeply under the influence of liquor.

Out in the alleyway the fresh night air seemed to revive him to a remarkable degree. He paused for a moment to look up at the lighted windows of the office and he was still standing there when a noisy chorus broke out; the boys were evidently showering congratulations on old Jeff and winding up with, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!"

"Poor old devil!" murmured Cherry. "It's the night of his life."

From the press-room came the sudden rumble of machinery. An express-waggon was drawn up at the curb out on the street, waiting for the mail-bags, and an early newsboy ran past him up the alley.

Cherry's chubby cheeks wrinkled in a smile as he pulled out his watch. He had just fifteen minutes to catch his train, and he could buy a paper at the depot.